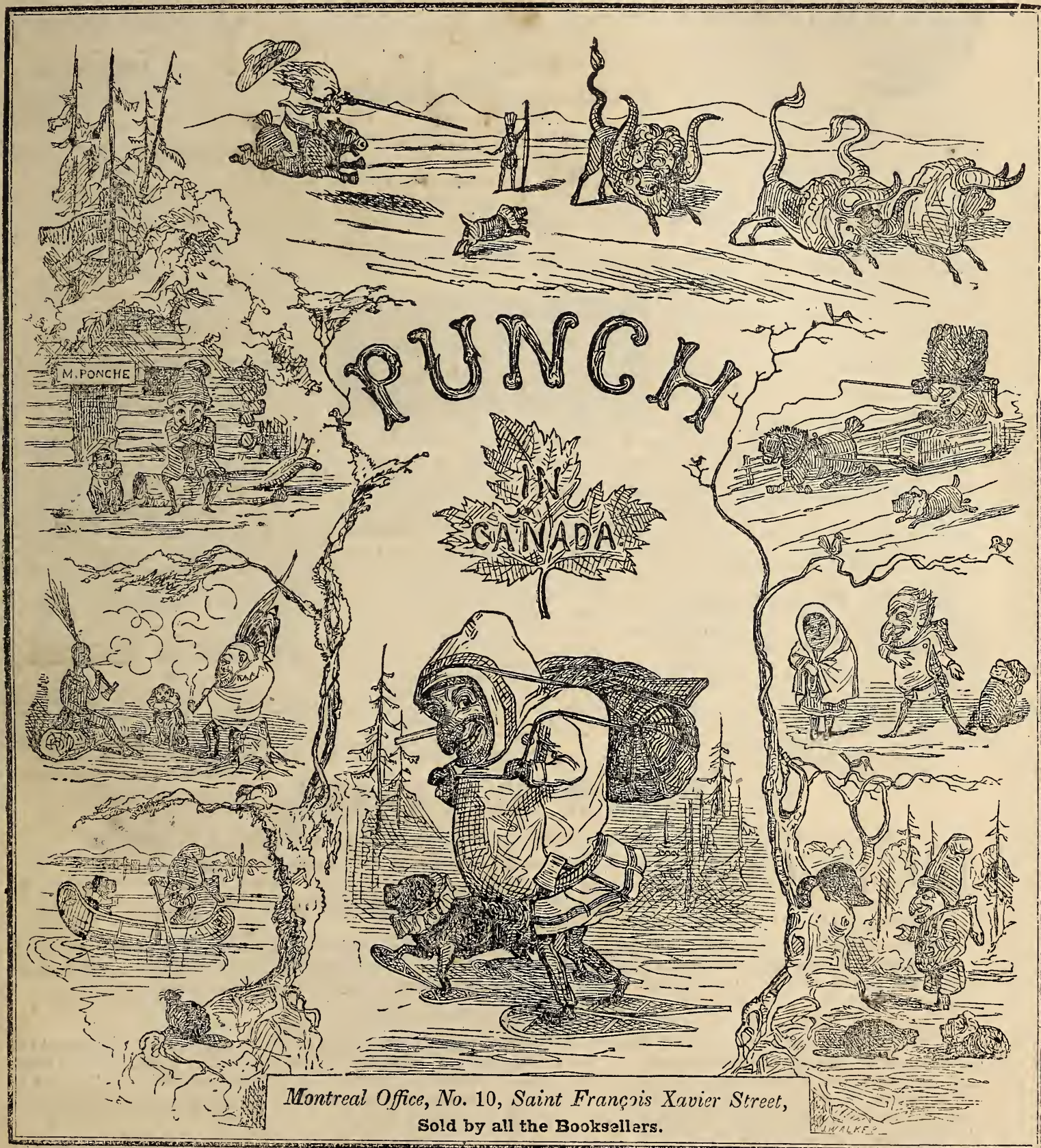


B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 21.]

October the 27th,

[PRICE, 4d.



Mrs. CHARLES HILL has the honor to announce to her Pupils and friends that her **DANCING CLASSES** will open on or about the 1st November, 1849, at her residence, St. Jean Baptiste Street.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper. See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper. Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the **POOR MAN'S FRIEND**, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

ON SERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. Agents for Canada.

Messrs. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDese adas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but **GENUINE SEGARS**. A lot of very old and choice Principles of the Brands of **CRUZ & HYOS**, **STAR**, and the celebrated **JUSTO SANZ**. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,
PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his **GRAND TABLE D'HOTE** is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured. Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "Maitre de Cuisine," is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER,
From London.

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Mossy Lyrics,—No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;

But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)

A Summer suit,
From head to foot,

For twenty-two and six was his.

How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

JOHN MCCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of **NEW PUBLICATIONS**, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the **NEW NOVELS**, **PERIODICALS**, and **PUBLICATIONS**, on hand.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of **GUTTA PERCHA COATS** received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account.

A large lot of Superfine Cloth Pelts at 25s.

Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.

Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.

Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.

A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

By **GEORGE HALL**, Great Saint James Street, formerly McGill Street. Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, **FREE OF CHARGE**.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the **ALBION HOTEL**, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Lensed, for a term of years, the **ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL**, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new **FURNITURE**, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a **WEEKLY** Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - 7s. 6d.
Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—**BOOKSELLERS** "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honor to the Province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

PUNCH'S LETTERS.—No. 3.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ELGIN, supposed to be Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,—

I once more address you, you erring man, but let it be understood that it is

“in sorrow not in anger,”

that I shall talk to you in my most fatherly manner. “When bad men conspire good men must combine,” is a saying that has outlived the age which gave it birth, and good men were prepared to combine to resist the “annexation plague,” you and your ministerial quacks have spread over “Her Majesty’s British North American possessions.” But some evil spirit seems to prompt your and their every action. No sooner does the Province shew signs of sinking off into a peaceful slumber, than you sprinkle cow-itch in its political bed; up starts the poor miserable creature; runs about in agony until the temporary inflammation subsides; lies down again; tries to sleep; when there, you are “at it again” with your cow-itch. You and your administration may be likened to the cabman whose horse was perfectly quiet but not very fast. “Hullo, Jim, says a brother cabbee, vy don’t yer make yer knacker go; touch him on the raw.” “But he aint got no raw.”—“Then vy dont yer ‘stablish vun.” You, my Lord, have taken cabbee’s advice and “the raws” you’ve ‘stablish’d must be healed by other plasters than you have knowledge enough to apply. But the last “raw” is the lasting one. The injury inflicted on Montreal by the removal of the Seat of Government, if the Province were to be benefited, is not entitled to consideration. But what advantage does the Province gain? Is it an advantage to have to pay forty or fifty thousand pounds every few years for the travelling vans of yourself; the music stool of Government and its perambulating hangers on? If you would hire the appliances of a circus entertainment, and exhibit as Clown to the ministerial ring, at convenient distances, along the route from Toronto to Quebec, provided you are not trusted with fixing your own salary, it is possible your extraordinary talents for making a fool of yourself might yield a revenue to the country. Yes, my Lord, thus might the intellect you possess be made profitable. Allow me to write an advertisement of the Performances. This, of course you are aware must be sent on from town to town, together with woodcuts and large colored bills, to give notice, at least, three weeks in advance of the arrival of the Troop.

PARLIAMENTARY CIRCUS!

PROPRIETORS,.....Messrs. LAFONTAINE and BALDWIN,
ACTING MANAGER,.....Mr. H. SHERWOOD.
TREASURER,.....Right Honorable Mr. PUNCH,

This transcendantly absurd but amusing Establishment comprises

160 MEN AND ASSES!!

The Jerusalem Steeds have the longest ears in the world, and resemble mules in their nature, while the Artists have afforded immeasurable

LAUGHTER TO THE COUNTRY!

This establishment will be exhibited in

TORONTO, (FOR ONE SESSION ONLY,)

On (here, My Lord, insert the date.)

The limits of an advertisement forbid a description of the many ludicrous French and English games of this National Arena. Are they not duly chronicled in the columns of the Public Press and in Punch in particular; but it is deemed necessary to mention the principal Performers as well as the original and gorgeous spectacles invented by the Managers, and honored by the applauses of thousands of excited spectators.

Old England's Glory Sullied,

OR, REBELLION REWARDED!

This costly pageant is a fine illustration of Canadian wisdom!—In the course of the Piece the

ENTIRE STOD OF ASSES,

Will make a GRAND ENTREE, and the Piece concludes with a

TERRIFIC COMBAT

AND THE

Destruction of the Parliament House.

THE GRAND BURLESQUE

Of the Presentation of Addresses!

To which the CLOWN will reply, will be found the most wondrous,—the most expensive, and the most successful of the age.

ANNEXATION

OR, THE RESULT OF IGNORANCE!

This is the grandest,—the most enlightened, and the free-ist, and the wonderfullest spectacle, that ever excited the risibility of

THE WHOLE WORLD!

N. B.—A vast variety of scenes will be elsewhere specified.—For further particulars see small bills.

Some such a double crown poster as the above (of course I leave any alteration of the details to Your Lordship) would, I fancy attract crowds of admiring spectators. In my next, I will furnish you with designs for the woodcuts for the large bill, and further advise you as to the best means of rendering your peculiar qualifications serviceable to the country. As a Governor you are useless and injurious; as a mountebank you might become amusing and harmless,

I am, My Lord,
Not your Lordship's Servant,
PUNCH IN CANADA.

THE LAST (JOHN) ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer,
Left scheming alone;
All his ugly companions
Are smashed and undone;
No flour-dealing broker,
No bankrupt is nigh,—
Some had pledged thee their honor,
But that's all my eye!

They'll soon leave thee, thou long one,
The torrent to stem,
Of public opinion,
How snobbish of them!
Old Molson is brewing,
Along with Ben Holmes,
A plan for thy ruin,
The heartless coxcombs!

Soon others will follow,
And leave thee to pay;
Annexation's but hollow,
'Twill drop and decay.
Cold winter is coming,
Ah, dreary will be,
Thy fate, O thou rum 'un,
Thou hapless Q. C.!

THE EAGLE AND THE FAWN.

A DREAM.

Thy parks are many, John, legion the name
Of thy choice live stock fattening therein;
But gaze I east, or gaze I north or south,
I nothing see that glads me like the west.
Fair that demesne;—wide prairies sweeping low,
Till waving grass mingles with fleecy cloud,
In misty mystery. Green ribbon woods,
Binding a yellow map of harvest land.
Dark groves of pine, rearing on serried ridge,
As if to comb the tresses of the moon.
Sweet maple dells, fruitful of sugared treat
Fit for the Hyson young of village queen.
And winding glades, with many a silver stream
Spreading to ponds, where duck,—or even goose,
In calm delight its oily breast may plume.
'Twas evc.—In that fair park a light I struck,
Igniting thence a mild Havana brown;
And couched beneath an ancient shadowy elm,
(Abode of dreams, sung by the Mantuan bard,)
I smoked—and slept.

Down from its leafy bower
Fluttered a dreamlet, dropping like butterfly
On my sealed eye-lids, breathing a vision there.
I saw deep glade in the dark green wood,—
A meadow beautiful, olescent with
Breath of sweet violet and briar-rose.
And through the meadow strayed a spotted fawn,
Neck-deep in butter-cups and clover pink.
Browsed it a moment here with aspect grave,
List'ning anon at snap of distant twig,
Then bounding off when sudden humming-bird
Shot past its startled ear. But ever as
Its roving footsteps led it to the verge
Of the wild wood, its wanton course was checked
By slender silken cord,—a gentle bond,
Lightly restrained by hand of Squire John;
Who, as I gazed, into the meadow came,—
A portly, smiling, apple-featured man,
Benevolent of aspect. Strong his calves,
Cased in their brown-topped boots; and ample rolled
In easy duplicate his dimpled chin,
Wagging with pleasantry. Proudly he trod,
Lord of the manor all, and as he went,
With hands in pockets jingled he bright coin,
And whistled the lit of "British Grenadiers."
Then gently straining on the silken cord,
He near him drew the half-domestic fawn,
Patting its velvet head with soft caress:
And diving deep into broad-skirted coat,
From pocket wide much gingerbread he drew,
With, "here's a nut for thee, and here's another."
Feeding the fawn with much kind courtesy,
As though 'twere human. Wondered I the while,
'That he so much good gingerbread should waste
On a wild fawn. Thus strolled he carelessly,
Holding the tether slight with easy hand,
And on his footsteps followed the wild fawn,
Bounding in wayward fawn-hood's reckless play,
But frequent sidling up—a fawning fawn—
To lick his hand and beg for gingerbread.
Till drunk with spicy nut its gambols grew
To wild ungoverned frolic, unrestrained,
By easy Squire John, from whose strong hand
It slipped with stealthy jerk the silken cord;
And now 'tis gone, o'er brook and hill and dale,
Skirting the forest, breasting the torrent,—FREE!

* * * * *
Down on the dry plain stricken lies the fawn;—
Fear stricken fawn, what harmeth one so free?
Lo! rushing through the air on arrowy wing,
Comes a gaunt eagle, stooping on its prey

With vulturous grasp. Closed I mine eyes with fear.
But sweeping adown the plain on meteor steed,
Swifter than hawk a prairie hunter came,
Launching with deadly aim the levelled noose;
Nor paused he in his course till draggled and dead
Far on the field the fell bird throttled lay.
Then leaping from his steed with graceful ease,
The trembling fawn he soothed, till Squire John
Much blown arrived.

Looked I with curious eye
On the swarth stranger who to the rescue came.
Model was he of beautiful in man,
Lion in sinew, eagle in glancing eye,
Framed for success alike in love and war.
Yet modest was withal that stranger's mein,—
And instinct whispered that I gazed on PUNCH
PUNCH of the weapon sure, whose deadly noose
Stands ready coiled for anti-British necks.

DISTRESSING DISAPPOINTMENT.

We learn that when the news of the removal of the Seat of Government was confirmed, several young gentlemen with moustachios telegraphed to Toronto to engage first rate board and lodging at 8 dollars a month. The following is a copy of the communication, and answer:—

To the Landlord of the North American Hotel.

SARE,

We shall take your best room for £2 a months.

PIERRE POKER, and
J. B. GROSVENTRE.

REPLY.

I'll be d——d if you do.

LANDLORD.

PUNCH'S SECRET INFORMATION.

Lord Elgin receives \$10,000 a month from the U. S. government for his eminently useful services in bringing about annexation. There can be no doubt he well earns the money.

Joseph Lee, Esq., has received an autograph letter from the late William Shakspeare, congratulating him on his spirited conduct in his recent affair with the government.

A party of sixteen annexationists, headed by the enterprising John Tully, are about to proceed to Isle Dorval, to form a league, offensive and defensive, with the inhabitants of that place. The movement gives the government great uneasiness, and the Fortins have received orders to march up on the opposite side of the river to watch them.

COLD COMFORT.

We understand that that highly distinguished statist, W. C. Crofton, Esq., author of the celebrated prospectus of a history of the Colonial systems, is now engaged in calculating the specific value of the book debts left for the consolation of her Majesty's colonial tradesmen by her Majesty's colonial servants. Also, the advisability of forming a capital stock of this unfunded sum, with a view to the ultimate payment of the National Debt. The proceeds arising from the work will be generously contributed to the London Society for the relief of decayed tradesmen.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

The aid of the charitable is required on behalf of a distressed family, left under the most afflicting circumstances, with £90,000 of a "certain article of Canadian manufacture" on their hands, and £20,000 of real property. The parties have always been decent characters, and one of them has built a church. The smallest donation thankfully received. For further particulars apply to Punch.



THE EAGLE AND THE FAWN.



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<https://archive.org/details/punchincanada121unse>

A MOVING SCENE.

THREE HUNDRED GOVERNMENT CLERKS, WITH THEIR
WIVES AND BAGGAGE, ALL BOUND FOR TORONTO.

A POPULAR DUETT!

Much sung during this week.

MELANCHOLY GROCER, Must you leave me, must you leave me,
Oh no, oh no, no, no, no!
Won't you pay me, won't you pay me
That small trifle that you owe;
Surely tea like that I sold you
Can't have made your heart so stern;
Cruel monster e'er you leave me
Tell me, when will you return?

CLERK. When the cock-a-doodle do, sir,
Sings the song of linnet gay;
When the worthy Mr. Seeley
Cometh back his debts to pay;
Then, oh then, thou surly grumbler,
Mourner for thy figs and tea,
Then, but not till then, thou sold one,
Will this child return to thee!

BOTH VOICES. Oh no never, gone forever,
All my hopes are lost on thee;
Half distracted; cheese abstracted;
Wines, and candles, figs and tea!
Who'd have thought it, when he bought it,
So polite he seemed to be:
Now he's going, laughing, crowing,
And not a sou is left for me!

CLERK. Not a sou is left for thee!

GROCER. Not for me!

CLERK. For thee!

BOTH VOICES. Oh no never, gone for ever!
What a fool the man must be!

We understand that an unusual number of enquiries have been made of "ye learned profession," this week, respecting the nature of a *capias*, and whether a tradesman can prevent his groceries and dry goods and bakeries from moving off orderly, under the pretence (as urged by the parties) that their presence is required West. On learning that there was no such remedy, three unfortunate washerwomen immediately committed suicide by drowning themselves in their own suds, and a melancholy baker walked into his oven, and has not been seen since.

PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

AUGUST 1, 1867.—To-day ye opening of ye Assembly, to which I did goe. My wife dide wear her crimson bonnet, with ye feathers, which I doe think doth become her mightilie. There was much companie to hear ye Governor, John Tully, make ye speech. Methoughte John did doe well. He did propose ye duty on ye bricks, at which there was much laughter. I did notice how ye door-keepers (which are Tom Anderson and one Mackenzie,) did lift the hats when John did pass. Did mete there Robt. Jones, which other times was ye honorable—a weak old man, quite in his dotage, who did sell apples at ye door. My wife did almost cry to hear him cry "ye pippins, six a penny," as she did pass. Also did note ye citizen Dolly in ye crowd. He hath grown thin, methinks, and wears his collar down; also much hair beneath ye chin, as is ye fashion here. He did say his legs hath fallen away since ye revolution, and that he hath ni ye belly, ni ye calf he had of you, which I do think is true. Often to ye Shakespeare Club which was, but now ye "Bunkum Hall," my wife did see much change

since ye year '49: all ye pictures gone, and myself did notice ye portrait of ye President (Joe Lee) hanging for ye sign of "ye Turk's-head," though more like ye head of cabbage than ye Turk methought. Himself is dead, I hear, ye night they sold "ye shadow of ye mighty name," to buy the spitting box for chewing members. In ye evening for a drive to see Hugh Taylor, who doth keep ye bake-house in the suburbs. Himself much out of sorts because ye dough would not rise. He hath for journeyman Chas. Henry Day, whom I do recollect ye judge—a snappish man, but handy, as Hugh says, to heat ye oven. Did pass ye pleasant hour in talking of the past, which Hugh doth much regret. All home by ten, where I did find much companie conversing of John Dougall and ye female slave: myself to listen, not to speak: but still do find much force in what ye proverb says "ye greater saint, ye greater sinner," and so I think of John.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Widow Pontine presents her compliments to Punch. She, at present, presides over a snuggerie in Saint Francois Xavier Street, which she has had named the "Rose and Crown." She begs to acquaint Punch that every thing she sells is constitutionally good, and that her measures are not half and half; therefore she was puzzled about her sign. She felt if she stuck to the Rose she must give up the Crown, and that she could not retain the Crown without abandoning the Rose, and she loved her Rose; however, duty has triumphed over affection, and she intends sticking to the Crown, under which sign she hopes her house will flourish.

St. Francois Xavier Street, Oct. 25, 1849.

PUNCH'S REPLY.

Punch presents his compliments to Widow Pontine. He considers her decision just the decision a just woman would come to. He is delighted that her loyalty, like the head on her porter, is perfectly sound.

Montreal, October 26, 1849.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Punch desires to rescue from obscurity an unobtrusive individual, who under the signature of "Anti Leaguer," wrote a letter to the *Courier of Annexation*, dated October 17, 1849. This amazing specimen of Epistolary Correspondence, occupies the space of twenty-two lines in one of the columns of that celebrated Journal. The first two lines are as follows:

"The question constantly asked is 'what is it we want, and how are we to proceed to obtain it?'"

Then follows eighteen lines of detail, and the wonderful production concludes with a most refreshing bit of modest assurance:—Listen, ye statesmen of England, to the words of the oracle "Anti Leaguer":

"The above will indicate pretty much all we desire and the methods by which *they* are to be ascertained."

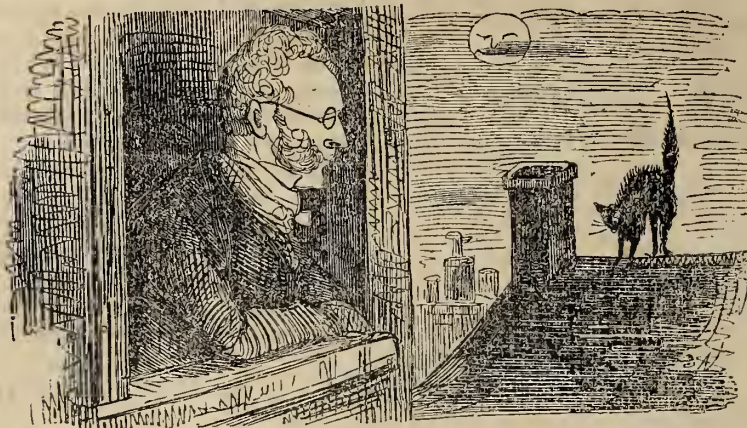
"Anti Leaguer" may be *pretty much* of a statesman but he is certainly ugly much of a grammarian; nevertheless in *eighteen* lines he settles the whole question as to the "method" of bringing about annexation. Wonderful Anti Leaguer study the poet's moral embodied in the line,

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

We are requested by Miles' boy, to state he is not THE Mr. Brown who signed the Anti-Annexation Protest.

A HINT FOR THE PEOPLE.



WAITING TO SEE HOW THE CAT JUMPS.

PUNCH'S PRIMER.

LESSONS FOR SMALL BOYS WHO CAN ONLY READ WORDS
OF ONE SYLLABLE.

II. THE TWO BOYS WHO SOLD IN THE STREETS.

Jack and Sam were two boys who sold cakes and fruit in the streets. But Jack did not sell half as much as Sam did; for he was not so old nor yet so sharp as Sam was, and he did not go up and down the streets as fast, nor cry his things as loud as Sam would do; and then, he would get tired and play, or lie down and go to sleep, while Sam took care to keep hard at his work all day long.

These two boys got most of their cakes and fruit from old John, a man who kept a large shop for all sorts of nice things. Old John, who was quite rich, would let them have each day as much as they thought they could sell; and he would take their word that they would pay him next day.

But one day poor Jack met with sad ill luck, in this way. He saw some bad boys at play, and he thought he would go and play with them for a while. And they all played at pitch and toss, till poor Jack, who was not at all a sharp boy, lost all the pence he had got to pay for the things old John had let him have to sell that day. And then he sat down and had a long cry.

At last he had to go to old John's shop and get some more things to sell. But as he could not pay for what he had last got there, old John put on a grave face and said "my boy, you sell much less than Sam does, and now you tell me you have lost all the pence that you ought to have brought here to pay me with. How can I trust you, if you go on so? Why do you not sell more, and take care to pay for what you buy?"

Then Jack was such a fool that he went to Sam and said, "Old John does not like to trust me, as he does you. I must go shares with you, or I shall starve. Old John will be too glad to trust us both, if we were to go shares, and we should both grow so rich, you can't think."

But Sam was not to be so caught. "You must be a sad fool Jack," said he, "if you think I will let you go shares with me. Why I sell twice as much as you do, and old John is quite glad to trust me. What should I go shares with you for? If you will be such a fool as not to work like me, and make old John glad to trust you, why, may be, I will let you sell a few things for me, and then I shall buy all the things from old John, and you will just be my boy, you know. You will not get rich that way, I guess, though no doubt I shall. If you sold more than I could, I would be glad to go shares with you; but come what may, I shall not starve, I tell you."

Then Jack thought a bit, and said, "No, Sam, nor more will I.

I will just work hard as you say, and show old John and you what I can do."

And strange to tell Jack so kept his word that in a few days he came to sell quite as much as Sam did, if not more. And he did not then think he should like to go shares with Sam.

THE THIMBLE-RIG.

Punch is informed that some evil-minded individuals have been indulging in sneers, at what they are pleased to consider his defeat in the sporting game lately got up for the public amusement by the ministerial dodgers. Many talented men have before now been taken in at this fascinating game; and Punch is at this moment convinced that Mr. Baldwin had about his person, at the time of playing, at least a bushel of peas, ready for every emergency.—But it must be remembered that Punch did not *play* the game with the illustrious professor of legerdemain referred to.—Punch knows better than that,—for though the peas may not be green, the players at the noble game of thimble-rig are sure to be so,—jolly green, in fact, if Punch may be allowed to use so strong an expression: and therefore, if Punch tilted up a thimble and discovered a pea,—what then?—Why if he had lifted up another thimble he'd have found another pea; and so on—had there been a bushel of thimbles there would have been a bushel of peas, as Punch is credibly informed that Mr. Baldwin grows several hundred acres of them for the purpose, on his estate near Toronto. What Punch ought to have done, however,—and in this instance he pleads guilty to a weakness which is often one of the elements of a too amiable disposition,—What he ought to have done would have been to have knocked the table over, and handed the professor to the nearest policeman. And for the satisfaction of swindlers in general, Punch herewith declares his determination to smash them remorselessly for the future, should there be the slightest indication of a tendency to sport the game of Thimble-Rig.

HALF A DOLLAR REWARD.

This sum will be promised by Punch to any one who will discover the whereabouts of the Annexation Association of Montreal. It was last seen somewhere near the *Herald* office, and is suspected to have either drowned or pawned itself, or perhaps both.

WANTED, an active tall boy, to make the next annexation "move" at a public meeting. He must have plenty of brass and strong lungs. Brains no object.

N.B.—Frank Johnson need not apply.